Claudian
TRANSLATED
OVT OF LATINE
INTO
ENGLISH VERSE

By *Leonard Digges* Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for ROBERT ALLOT, and
are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Pauls*
Churchyard at the ſigne of the
Blacke Beare. 1628.

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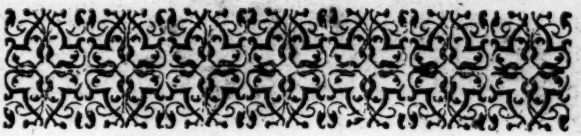

To the READER.

GEntle Reader, I present to thy view the three first books of Claudian°, de raptu Proserpinæ *in English Verse: a work (how pleasing it may proue, I know not) since of my Authour,* Scaliger *sayth, he was* materia ignobiliore oppressus, *but* addidit de ingenio quantum defuit materiæ, *which wit, the Translators harshnesse of stile may (haply) haue diminished. The Reader will finde many faults; one I willingly here preuent, which is, that* Ceres *is described in the first booke to be drawne by sixe Dragons, contrary to all Poets, that allow her but two: This and some few other errors I impute vnto the hastinesse of the Presse, which the ingenious Reader will pardon, especially if the maine worke giue that light (that I hope for) to the Originall.*

Farewell.

L.D.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Historicall Sense or meaning of the Storie.

When men for their sinnes, like other creatures, were forced to ordinary foode: the bread which they ate of (as Eusebius *and* Suidas *mention) was of Acornes: and* Plutarke *writes, that after the Flood it was of the same. At that time,* Siculus *reigned King of* Sicilie, *whose wife (named* Ceres*) a woman of a singular apprehension (to trie a Conclusion) tooke some of the wilde Wheate, which groweth naturally so in that Country, and sowed seedes of the same, and was carefull to till them: these in their due time produced of that Graine in great abundance, which shee caused to bee moulded into a paste, and (finding the sweetnesse of it) still sowed more and more, till she attained to the perfection*

fection of Tillage; (with which shee instructed all her Islanders) so that the Sicilians *were the first Husband-men in the world, and taught other Nations, till such time as Wheate became the generall nourisher of all men.*

The commoditie the Sicilians *reaped hereby, and the multitudes of such as applyed themselues to Tillage, were the causes of the diuisions of lands (touching which,* Ceres *made sundry lawes) some of which remaine euen at this day with vs: and for this cause the blinde* Gentiles *adored her as a goddesse, and consecrated that Island of* Sicilie *vnto her, as to the inuentresse of Harvest.*

It happened that this Ceres *had a daughter, called* Proserpina; *who, for her exceeding beautie was affected by* Orion *King of* Epirus *and the* Molossians, *and by him stolne away in the absence of her Mother* Ceres: *who when shee returned, and found that her daughter was thus gone (ignorant of the Rauisher) went ranging vp and downe the world to finde her, and in her progresse shee sowed all the Fields with Wheate as shee went, till such time as shee found* Orion *out.*

This

This Story gaue matter to Poets, to faine; that Pluto *ſtole a way* Proſerpina *from* Sicilia, *in her mothers abſence (who miſsing her at her returne) ſought her thorow the world, till ſhe had found her with two blazing lights; and knowing that ſhee was in hell with* Pluto, *requeſted of* Iupiter, *that ſhe might remaine with her one halfe of the yeere vpon Earth, and the other with her Husband* Pluto.

The Naturall Senſe of the *Storie.*

BY the perſon of *Ceres* is ſignified *Tillage.* By *Proſerpine*, the ſeedes which are ſowed, by *Pluto*, the earth that receiues them.

By the diligence that *Ceres* vſed in ſearching her daughter, is ſhewne the care that Husband-men ought to haue in the tilling and ſowing their grounds, and reaping of their Harueſt.

By the ſixe Moneths that *Proſerpine* remained in Hell, are vnderſtood, the ſixe, in which

the seede is vnder ground, before the eares appeare; and by the other sixe that shee is with her Mother, is set downe, when the corne is ripe, and in possession of the Husbandman.

By the blazing lights, with which *Ceres* seekes her daughter, is meant the vigilancie of the Husbandman in prouiding for the increase of his harueſt.

By the lights themselues, are signified the instruments of Husbandry, without which the Corne could hardly be reaped.

The Allegoricall Sense.

BY Pluto *and his suddaine resolution of marrying and warring against gods, is noted, the nature and disposition of the insolent rich man, who blinded with ease and plenty, desireth immoderately all that his Concupiscence leades him vnto.*

By the Destinies *that striue to diuert* Pluto *from his purpose, is seene the force of heauenly power aboue humane.*

Mercurie's,

Mercurie's, *being sent Ambassador to* Iupiter, *declares how necessarie it is that persons of a liuely capacitie and mature iudgement, be sent to take vp strife and iarres betwixt Princes.*

By Iupiters *decree to giue* Proserpine *for wife to* Pluto, *is shewne the Diuine Prouidence, that disposeth better of things for vs, then we our selues can wish.*

By Proserpine *left alone in her mothers absence at her worke, is noted the good education of Children, to which mothers are bound, that are honest and carefull.*

By Ceres *leauing her alone, and* Pluto's *stealing her away, is put (as an example): That Mothers ought not to be so carelesse of their children, as to expose them to so great a hazard of their honours.*

By Venus *Executionerresse of* Ioues *will, and* Diana *and* Pallas *her Companions, is signified: that loue is a diuine connexion and bond, ordained from God, if the proceeding in the same bee with simplicity and pureness of meaning.*

Mercuries, being sent under Jupiter, declare how necessarily it is that persons of a tuneful temper and nature, indeed, be kept to take up with and serve behind a Prince.

By Jupiters desire to give Prometheus fire to Thus, is meant the Divine Providence, that disposeth better of things for us, than we can wish.

By Prometheus's absence he mother's absence during his life, is noted the good education of Children, to which mothers are bound, than are bound and careful.

By Ceres leaving her alone, and Pluto's stealing her away, is put (as an example): That Mothers ought not to be a cavil of their children, as to expose them to a great hazard of their honour.

By Venus Execution of Jove's will, and Diana and Pallas her Companions, is signified: that love is a divine connexion and bond, ordained from God, if the proceeding in the same be with simplicity and purpose of meaning.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the First Booke.

Pluto *enrag'd would marry, threatens warre*
'Gainst Iupiter, *the Fates preuent their iarre:*
Swift Mercury, *Ambassador is sent*
To heaun, to tell the gods of this euent.
Ioue, Ceres *daughter doth resolue to giue*
His brother, and the meanes doth thus contriue;
whilst Ceres *absent is in* Phrygia,
Venus *must egge abroad* Proserpina:
Downe she descends the Virgin chaste to see,
Diana, Pallas, *beare her companie.*

MY loftie Muse is full, and bids me sing
The robbery of Hell's infernall king,
Grimme *Pluto*, and the Carre of *Tænarus*,
That whilome with portentions ominous
And giddie hurrie, through the blasted ayre,
Presag'd the Rape of *Proserpine* the fayre,
Ioues daughter, and the marri'ges euent:
Profaner eares be you from hence exempt.

And now the furie of a Spirit Diuine,
Expell's all humane feare from this of mine:
Apollo breathes in me, *Phœbus* inſpires
My braine, my quill with his moſt ſacred fires.
Now, now (me thinkes) I on a ſuddaine ſee,
The Shrine of each immortall deitie,
Shake in it's quiu'ring ſeate (vnus'd to moue)
And the Cœleſtiall rayes (that from aboue
Diſperſe their glim'ring light) forerunners are,
Of *Pluto's* iourny and ſad *Ceres* care.
The noyſe (that in the earth's deepe wombe doth ſound)
I heare, and *Athens* Temple ſo renown'd,
For her King *Cecrops* painfully doth grone,
(Doubling ſhrill Eccho's to the Cities mone:)
And *Ceres* lou'd *Eleuſis* tapers blaze
With flaring lights which to the skies they raiſe:
Triptolem's ſnakes their bloudie creſts aloft
Vpſtretch, and with confuſed murmur ſoft,
Glide their ſpot-painted bodies here and there,
At which Spectators tremble, themſelues feare:
They hiſſe, and with ſtrange accent to my Verſe
Haſten the Tragicke ſong that I rehearſe.
The three-folde *Hecate* appear's in ſight,
And lazy *Bacchus* (madding) doth affright
The eyes of mortals with his ſhiu'ring lance
Of wreathed Vines, and in a drunken dance
(Loading his Temples with an Yuie crowne,
Whoſe weight keepes his vnweldy body downe)
Knits to his necke a *Parthian* Tyger's pawes,
And skinne (that from his ſhoulder downe he drawes)
You gods (on whom *Auernus* wandring ſoules,
And multitudes of wights blacke *Styx* enroules)

Attend,

Attend, and such as of their worldly crimes,
In burning *Phlegeton* bewaile the times.
You gods, you fathers, shew; declare to me
The secrets of earths vaste concauity;
Your gouernments reueale, and mysteries
Of all those great and powerfull deities.
Tell me, since Loue so lowe would neuer bend
His shafts, what fire could *Pluto* thus incend?
As snatching off from earth this *Proserpine*,
He makes her his eternall Concubine:
Yet comforts her (that in the *Tyrants* pow'r,
Laments) by giuing *Lethe* for her dow'r.
Tell me, did *Ceres* her grieu'd mother know
Before, what should succeed? or if not so,
When she was lost, in her distracted minde,
Where could she hope her *Proserpine* to finde?
That (longing for good newes) shee makes a vowe,
The barren earth with fairest wheate to sowe.
Long since, the dismall Prince of *Erebus*
(Through wrath and fury growne outragious)
To see that he (a god) and young, alone,
Must leade a solitary life in mone;
Wanting a mate, that dayes, moneths, yeeres retire
And passe (regardlesse of his quenchlesse fire)
Impatient of delaies and full of iarre,
He summons all the supreme gods to warre;
Disdaining they aboue should note his want,
Of happy marriage to be ignorant.
Redde lips, faire eyes, sweet lookes, soft cherishing,
Confus'd embraces, limbes proportioning,
To their proportion all strange delight,
Two soules combin'd in one, which make one white:

Like yuie(twining) yuorie necke, that one,
One body, which one common breath alone,
Giues life vnto: this one, and yet not one
For (louers) each hath a Companion:
So two, when as two bodies striuing moue
In *Cupids* lists (made one by mutuall loue.)
These two, that one and all as motiues are,
Egging sterne *Pluto* to ambitious warre:
The name of father, and proud hope of sonnes,
(Each) a fore-runner of new strife becomes:
Forth-with the Monsters of infernall deepe,
Ranke out their squadrons, and good order keepe.
The vgly Fiends coniurd by *Plutos* wroth,
Gainst highest *Iupiter* take solemne oath;
And menacing the gods in sad array
Of battell, hels blacke banners they display
Before heauens walls, and discord first appeares
(Cladde all in ruth:) in armes of steele she beares
The portraict of her name, and next to her
Imperious Famine rageth, and base feare
(Plac't as a Scout, or as a Runnagate,
Against the foe to annoy them, cankred hate,
Despairefull sorrow, rasnesse out of breath
March last (led in the rere by conquering death.
Gainst thundring *Ioue*, the pallid Furies three
Combine themselues, and bold *Tisiphone*
That 'bout her head those curled Snakes doth twine
With spinie fist, that of combustions pine
A fire-brand brandisheth, whose boading light
Compassion moues, and megar lookes affright
Of her, the sad beholder: gins to sound (round,
Through all the Campe, and mongst the hel-hounds

A ſoft retreat (at whoſe well-knowne voyce)
The pale fac't Monſters couch, and huſh their noyſe.
The *Elements*, whoſe equall qualities
For many an Age in peace could ſimpathize,
Scarce now containe, but into diſcord turne,
And faine to their olde *Chaos* would returne:
Proud *Titans* off-ſpring hope at length to ſee
Their gyues knockt off, and former libertie:
That (breaking vp hels dung'ons) once againe,
Puniſh they may the *Author* of their ſhame.
Pluto, *Aegæons* fancie now can pleaſe,
That long hath layne cubb'd vp in little eaſe,
And loſing ſtraight the Gyants hundred hands,
(Arm'd to obey the threatning Gods commands)
He muſters vp his ſeu'nteene brothers more
Vnto a ſecond Combate (for before
They plotted had 'gainſt heau'n) and now they long
Ioues thunder to retort the gods among.
VVhen ſoone the reu'rend Deſtinies that ſee
Sterne warres approach, and hels infantery
Range into battaile, with ſtout puiſſance,
And fearefull march 'gainſt heauens gates aduance;
So many horrid fiends that likely were
To put the gods, and all *Ioues* hoaſt in feare:
And (doubting leſt the terror of this fight,
The Orbes Celeſtiall endanger might)
Eu'n in the heate and danger of the rowt
They gently tread, and pace the Campe throughout;
And prouidently thus themſelues intrude
With modeſt threats, to tame the multitude:
Then proſtrate 'fore the valiant General,
With bended knees and humble lookes they fall,

(Spreading their aged Cheekes and frontes ſeuere,
With dangling treſſes of their ſnowie haire.)
Their hands they ioyne, thoſe hands that ſpun the thred
Of many liuing, many thouſans dead;
Thoſe hands they ioyne, to whoſe high ſoueraign'ty,
The World, and all things breathing Vaſſals be:
Firſt, *Lacheſis*, the eldeſt of the three,
And moſt auſtere, diuides in modeſtie
The hoary threds, which (for ſhe naſtie keepes)
Vncomb'd, they thwart and hide her wrinkled cheekes:
In her owne name, and ſiſters both, ſhe greets
Blacke *Pluto*, and to mitigate his threats
'Gainſt *Ioue*, firſt weepes: then wiping her ſad eyes,
With fainting voice ſhe to him gently cries,
And thus begins. Thou mighty king (ſaith ſhe)
Great Ruler of our vaſte obſcuritie,
Thou (to whoſe ſacred iudgement) the leaſt wight
That groanes in darkeneſſe, and hels horrid night
Is ſubiect; thou, whom loyall Fates haue ſeru'd
So long and from thy precepts neuer ſweru'd,
With web and ſpindle; thou that firſt giu'ſt breath
To all things liuing, thou, whom life and death,
Equally waite on; thou, to whom the ſage
Fleet time, what ruines he in euery age
Collects, doth giue; and vnto thee the ſtate
Of preſent things doth likewiſe conſecrate:
And laſtly thou, by whom, the Soules condemn'd
Haue ſecond being, torture without end.
Seeke not (great Prince) to haue thine honor ſtain'd
(By breach of ſacred lawes wee firſt ordain'd:)
Cauſe thy robuſtious troopes retire, and ceaſe
T'incenſe them further 'gainſt high heauens peace

Deſiſt

Desist from hostile armes *(impietie)*
Of making brother gods thine enemy;
But if thou needs wilt venter, be no more
A pow'r Diuine, but some wilde sauage Bore:
Must Gyant race enioy a second light,
And once againe outbraue in Martiall fight
Th'vnconquer'd gods? Fye *Pluto*: do not thus
Attempt a Warre so sacrilegious,
And headlong cast thy Maiestie, forbeare;
(If Marri'ge be the cause; or if thou feare
Lest *Ione* deny thee issue) mildly proue
Great *Iupiter*: first let him heare thy loue.
Pluto heares *Lachesis*: and though his rage
Were such, as her faire speech could scarce asswage;
Yet when the loftie loue strooke god, might see,
The Sisters both to her soft prayers agree;
The bloud that riseth in each blacke swolne vaine,
He tempereth: the Furies straight proclaime
His alter'd purpose, eu'ry Fiend that droopes
To see this change, they lash, and force hels troopes
Retire, thus was this fatall enterprise,
Dismist, and *Pluto* calm'd by Destinies.
So blust'ring *Boreas* (when with roaring gust,
And whirle-winde arm'd) he first doth lay the dust,
Then with a suddaine and tempestuous blast,
(Enrag'd) he faine vpon earth's face would cast;
Thicke stormes of hayle eu'n at the instant, when
With full swolne cheekes he breakes his loathed denne,
And (scowring the vaste Seas) would cause their flouds
Arise (to drowne the fields and neighb'ring woods:)
Eu'n then the milder *Aeolus* restraines
His force, and keepes him fetter'd in strong chaines.

Pluto commands that ſubtill *Mercury*
Ioue's ſonne (being ſummon'd to appeare from high)
Approach his preſence, and from thence be ſent
To tell the gods his Vncles diſcontent:
The winged meſſenger without delay
(Swifter then thought) through the dull ayre makes way,
And with his colour'd hat, and charming rod
Forth-with appeares before th'infernall god;
Who, in the darkeſt Vault of all, ſate (plac't
Vpon a blacke rude throne:) ſo meanly grac't
VVith ſcepter courſe; only his viſage ſtout,
The horrour of his Maieſtie ſet out:
Ouer his head hangs vp a diſmall Cloud,
Which ſerues for cloth of ſtate, and now aloud
'Twixt rage and grieſe he groans, and faine would ſpeak,
When, at firſt accent of his words (that breake
Through hearers eares) at their firſt hideous ſound,
The royall palace and moyſt chambers round
All ſhake againe; and at the fearefull note
The triple Porter ſtops his howling throat:
The three ſad riuers at th'vnuſuall voyce
Affrighted ſtand, and ſtop their murm'ring noiſe,
All hell was ſilent; but their king exceeds,
And to his yelling Embaſſie proceeds.
Ioues high-borne brood, *Cylenian Mercurie*:
Olde *Atlas* Nephew, common deity
To heauen and hell: thou, that haſt paſſage free
Through both the Poles, and equall liberty;
Thou, that of all the gods both high and low,
The myſteries and ſtrict comerce doſt know:
Fly hence, with ſpeedy wing cut through the winde,
To thy vngratefull Sire thus ſpeake our minde.

VVhat

What right haſt thou, or what prioritie,
(Cruel'ſt of all thy brothers) ouer me?
Say, Fortune blind with an vnequall hand,
(To me denying) gaue thee heau'ns command?
Yet are theſe temples honour'd with a crowne,
As well as thine, nor can thy pride beate downe
Our glory; though we want the light, thou ſhalt
Perceiue our ſtrength, when I thy walls aſſault:
Think'ſt thou the *Cyclop's* handy-worke I feare;
Or thoſe vaine claps that mocke the yeelding ayre?
Caſt downe thy darts of thunder, let them ſtrike
Affrighted mortals, we are farre vnlike
To ſuch; Know, *Iupiter*, I keepe my vowe,
And to reuenge my griefes, am ſure (though ſlowe)
VVas 't not enough? I then repined not
At Fates, that firſt to my accurſed lot
Gaue this third kingdome, and depriued quite,
(Though ſatisfied) I neuer ſought for light:
Nor wiſht bright *Phœbus* might deſcend ſo farre
As my ſad palace, or the morning ſtarre
Lighten theſe vaults; when vnto thee the ſeau'n,
(That make *Charles-wayne* twinkle in ſpangled heau'n)
And millions more thy glorious ſtate adorne:
Poore I, that all in darkneſſe ſit forlorne
(Diſcomfortably mournfull) no glad ſight
Enioy, but waſte in a perpetuall night,
VVhere are no comforts to the eye or eare,
Nothing but noyſe, and notes of ghaſtly feare,
For what harmonious muſicke hath hells king? (ſing:
Where ghoſts keep howling time, whil'ſt ſcriech-owles
Yet thou that ſee'ſt me bare of all reliefe,
(The more to aggrauate my ſullen griefe)

Forbidd'ſt me Nuptiall rites; thus *Ioue* repines
At *Pluto's* wiſhes, when his Concubines
Are numberleſſe; the Sea-god happier is,
(Though leſſe in power then I) and hath more bliſſe,
That when the raging billowes he allayes,
Faire *Amphitrite* with her *Neptune* playes
And he (intangled in her ſoft embrace)
Forgets the vſe of his three-forked mace.
When thou in midſt of *Tytans* ſcorching heate,
With labour of thy thunder-claps doſt ſweate
To coole the partch't earth, with moiſt drops of raine,
And (weary of thy toyle turn'ſt backe againe)
Inceſtuous *Iuno* ſits in longing ſtate
VVith open lap her Lord to recreate:
Latona, *Ceres*, *Themis*: (each of which
Sufficient were) but all of theſe, enrich
Thee, with the name of father, and thy ſeate
Keepe ſtill with hopefull ſucceſſors repleate:
Thus thou, in luſtfull ryot (varying)
Liu'ſt at thine eaſe, whil'ſt I (thy brother king)
In darkeſt dungeon (like a ſlaue) am voyde
Of thoſe delights, with which thou moſt art cloid:
And thus my prime of youth doth fade, and pride
Of iſſue, failes; (by wanting a lov'd Bride)
But come reuenge, awake dull patience,
(Suffice long pardon for ſo iuſt offence)
By all the ſhades of night, by all the Ghoſts
That houer o're blacke *Styx*, by all the hoſts
Of dreadfull horror, miſchieſe vengeance dire,
If *Iupiter* denie this laſt deſire;
The walls of *Tartarus* ſhall open wide
(Thorough whoſe breach) the ſoules that there abide

Con-

(Condemn'd to endlesse ruth) shall sally out,
And hast thy downfall with confused rowt:
(Mongst whom) old *Saturne* once againe shall free
The golden age from her captiuitie.
(This sayd) the Tyrant ceast, and to his ire
Gaue respit. *Mercury* (like nimble fire)
Meane while ascends vp to the highest Spheare,
And tells his message to great *Iupiter*.
The god, vnto this vnexpected newes
Gaue strict attention, and forth-with 'gins muse
In his diuine brest, what would be th'euent
Of such a marri'ge, who would be content
(Of all the goddesses) to lose the light
In lieu she may be queene of lasting night,
And (like a Iudge reuoluing many a doubt,
At length resolu'd) his sentence thus breakes out,
One only child the goddesse *Cerēs* had
One daughter, which doth make her mother glad:
For though *Lucina* blest her with no more,
Yet is she happy in this first she bore.
This serues for many, and the want supplies,
That second birth her barren wombe denies.
This (as her dearest darling and delight)
She often hugges, still tends, and from her sight
She neuer let's her part; so Heifer young
Or first yeeres Calfe, (that other beasts among
Scarce presseth the soft grasse with wanton tread,
Nor horned Moones, yet peepe from curled head:)
The lowing Damme (that it by chance doth misse)
(Finding) doth giue it many a licking kisse.
The Virgin faire was growne now ripe and neare
To *Hymens* rites, a chaste and shamefast feare

Breeds

Breeds in her breſt new flames: now ſhe deſires
(One while) to marrie; then againe loues fires
Deſpitefully ſhe quencheth; thus, her mind
Eu'n in a moment, makes her curſt and kinde;
To loue, and not to like; which myſterie
Is caus'd by feare, that beares the maſtery
Ouer her will (her will that oft doth call
Her paſſions vp) but feare ſtraight layes them all:
Now ſtore of ſuters throng and each 'gins ply
Old *Ceres*, for her daughter (cunningly)
Two great Competitors, with equall ſtrife
Contend, to haue the loudly Mayd to wife:
Mars with his ſhield, *Apollo* with his bowe
And ſhafts, their greatneſſes alike both ſhewe.
Both offer a round earneſt for their loues;
Yet neithers ſuite the yellow *Ceres* moues:
Nor though proud *Iuno* and *Latona* too
Speake for their ſonnes and (ſeuerally woo)
VVould ſhe conſent: but (as a mother kind
In her owne thoughts) and with fond paſſion blind:
(Vnwitting future rape) her too too deare,
She ſought to hide from thoſe ſhe leaſt might feare.
And thus (deſcending from *Olympus* high,
With her faire *Proſerpine*) both ſecretly
At fruitfull *Scicile* arriue; and there,
The carefull mother in a iealous feare,
Viewes the rich Iſland, and the Sea that round
Doth ring-like compaſſe, and its fertile ground,
Sprinkle; th'vnknowing goddeſſe ſtraight conceiues
The place for purpoſe fitting, and ſo leaues
Her daughter to it's charge: thus neither ſhe,
Nor it, foreſawe th'enſuiug prodigie.

Scicile

Sicilia once the Continent did touch,
And made a part of *Italy*, till, such
Was the Seas rage, and *Nereus* swelling pride,
As did the firme land seuer and diuide:
He with his subtill art, and puissance stout
The confines broke, and cut those mountaines out,
Which, to the little land did there remaine,
Contiguous were; now (parted from the maine)
He bathes them with his waues, yet men may see
'Twixt both the Lands a knowne affinitie.
The *Promontories* that are seene from farre,
Pachinus high, and *Lilibeum* are
On which the waues that (brauing play) let flee
Their force, and make continuall batterie;
Pachinus shewes vnto th'*Ionian* Sea
His lofty head; the top of *Lylibe*
Lookes to the *Libian* Coast, from whence (in vaine)
The waues driues through his armes, which (as a reine
And bridle serue t'abate and curbe their pride
And roaring noyse;) when *Thetis* to abide
Disdaineth there, and from the *Thuscane* shore,
Her waues vpon *Pelorus* beate much more.
These *Promontories* three, at first the Ile
(*Sicilia* now) *Trinacria* did stile:
In midst of which *Aetna* of old renowne
(For burning rockes) so high his flaming crowne
Lifts; that the *Promontories* (which before
Did Gyants seeme) like Dwarfes his height adore:
Aetna, true witnesse of *Briareus*
His folly, and of bold *Enceladus*
The Tombe and bonefire; where, he liues in death,
And spits forth fire with brimstone-pois'ning breath:

The Mountaines load, there, keeps him prisoner fast,
That when the weighty burden off to cast
He (groaning) strives, and to his vtmost straines
To quit his rebell necke from yoke and paines:
The poore Inhabitants he maketh feare
(By often shaking) lest some Earth-quake there
Should roote the Island vp, and so, her towrs,
And walles, the violence of Seas deuours.
This Mountaines top, is only to the eye
Of mortals subiect; so you may descrie
The smoke and flames, but neuer hath it yet
Been trampled on by any humane feet:
With stately Groues and Trees, the lower part
Is deckt, that ne're were planted there by Art;
The vpper, commonly with misty fogge
Staines the Sun-beams, and dayes cleere light doth clog
With pitchy Clouds, which (lasting vntill night)
Ascend the Firmament, and dayes cleere light
Conuert to darknesse; still the flames increase
Is nourisht (though the mountaines selfe decrease.)
In midst of boiling heate, the snow doth fall
Vpon the top, and neuer melts at all:
It snowes vpon the Mountaine, and that heate
Which burneth there (albeit ne're so great)
The snow it ne're offends, whose inward cold
Condenseth it, and if dissolue some should,
(By reason of hot vapors that arise)
Yet most vpon the top congealed is,
Or neuer lower falls: but that which breeds
The greatest admiration, and exceeds
All common wonder, is the noyse within
The hollow Cliftes, that doth neuer linne

It's

It's raging, whether caused by the wind,
That stopt in *Aetnas* bowels faine would find
A passage out, and cannot, till it breake
With speedy motion through some open creake
Of the torne rockes, till when, it rumbles there;
Or else the greedy Sea, whose armes doe teare
The Mountaines bosome, and the brackish waues
Mingling with fires in those hot sulf'rous caues
Within, and wanting meanes to sally thence,
Adde matter to the broiling violence
And noyse; vncertaine whether of the twaine
It is, but one may be the reason plaine.
Diuinest *Ceres* now most confident
Of the sure Island (to whose charge she lent
And left her dearest pledge) without all feare
Or least suspicion of her danger neere,
To *Phrigia* posteth, and amaine doth hie
To her tow'r foundresse mother *Cybele*.
By sixe fierce Dragons, that (taile wheeling round
With writhed limbes) her chariot lift from ground,
She carri'd is, and snatcht into the ayre,
From whence her speedy flight (they swift) prepare,
And, breaking through the clouds, that giue them way,
Them leaue behind; and (posting) lead away
With giddy gallop, the free raines they beare
Vpon their lofty crests (bemoistned were
With foamie froth) which on their golden scales
They cast, and doubly spot their winged sailes:
One while the middle Region they diuide,
And soare aloft; then suddainly they slide
Downe to the earth, and slacking of their flight,
The Chariots golden wheeles they couer (white)

With hoarie dust: their Mistris (as she goes)
Her bountie casts, and plenteously bestowes
O're all the fields: the very tract and path
(Made by her wheeles) sufficient plentie hath
Of rip'ned eares; which (as she passeth on)
Cloath all the fields and wayes they run vpon
VVith golden habit. Thus behind her quite
Aetna she leaues, and th'Island out of sight,
Till (looking backe with her presaging eies,
And moist'ned cheekes) the palace she espies
VVhere she her daughter left; then with fresh teares
She doubles her prognosticating feares
(As doubtfull of the fatall accident)
And thus the hard mishap would faine preuent
(By courting the faire Island) Dearest Earth,
Blest Soyle (saith she) farwell: my first, last birth,
I leaue vnto thy charge; looke well to her,
Be thou her guardian safe, since I preferre
Thee before other places: as thy care
Shall speed, the mindfull *Ceres* will not spare
For thy reward: be sure of this before,
The cruell Spade shall neuer wound thee more;
Nor rugged Clowne (when he thy fields will sowe)
Shall once, with crooked tooth of deluing plow,
Teare vp thy fruitfull entrailes; thou shalt make
Glad husbandmen to wonder, and forsake
The vse of toyling Oxen, and sharpe Goad,
VVhen (of their owne accord) thy fields shall load
Their Barnes; and (for thy seasonable fruit)
Their store-house, neighb'ring lands shall thee salute.
This said, her Dragons haste, and the arriues
Vpon Mount *Ida*, where *Cybele* liues:

Her

Her Temple, there, with marble ſtatue ſtands,
(That worſhipt is by many vprear'd hands,
Couer'd with thickeſt boughes of blazing Pine)
That ſeldome ſubiect is to ſtormes or winde:
The furious Ayre doth ſeldome laſh, or beate
This conſecrated Tree to goddeſſe great;
But (gently whiſtling 'mongſt the leaues) it beares
And formes ſoft muſicke to the hearers eares:
VVithin the Temple, nought but dancing is
To *Bacchus*, and confuſed melodies
Of men, that (with their howling conſorts round
Of ſqueaking Pipes and ruſticke Tabors ſound)
Shake *Idas* top; the holy ſhrines within
The Temple groane (mou'd with the noyſe and dinne:)
At ſight of *Ceres* all growes huſht and ſtill,
The balling Quire, the Drumme and Trumpets ſhrill
Deſiſt; the *Corybantes* ceaſe to waue
Their glitt'ring blades, the Lions fierce and braue
Are tamed, and their gentleneſſe is ſuch,
As they their ſhaggy maines to euery touch
Submit; the longing *Ceres* enters in,
And by the mother of the gods within
She welcom'd is, that at firſt entring place
Bowes downe her Towr's to do the goddeſſe grace.
Ioue from his ſupreme throne of maieſtie
This paſſage viewes, and his moſt ſtrict decree
To *Venus* lon'd reueales, to thee, I will,
(Saith he) ô *Cytherea* ſhew my will
And heauenly pleaſure; know, I am reſolu'd
That my firme purpoſe long agoe reuolu'd
In hidden thoughts, doe now it ſelfe declare,
Be now fulfill'd; that *Ceres* daughter faire

Be giuen to hels blacke king; for Destinies
Do so command, and *Themis* prophecies
Haue thus foretold: the time inuites to this,
Her carelesse mother farre off wandring is;
Goe then, and to *Sicilia* take thy flight,
That (when bright *Sol*, the mournfull robe of night
Displayes, and clads the fields in gorgeous ray)
Entice thou maist the mayd, to sport and play
In *Floras* walkes; that (when thy skill is tri'd,
Pluto may seyze vpon his louely Bride:
Vnfitting 'twere (since all the gods, and me
Thou burn'st) the lower kingdomes should be free.
No, no; let fell *Erynnis* feele thy flame,
And *Acheron* acknowledge the great name
Of *Venus*; she gaue eare, and (hauing heard
Her fathers mind) to iourney straight prepar'd:
Pallas and she (that with the horne-bent bowe,
Arcadian Menalus affrights) both goe
(Together) with their sister, for so *Ioue*
Commanded had; they out of filiall loue
Their Sire obey, and (taking solemne leaue
Of all the gods) them of their sight bereaue.
Looke how a Comet (seldome seene) appeares
To vulgar eyes, and fils men with strange feares:
When (streaming o're the world with bloudy light)
It boades vnto the peoples gazing sight
Some rare euent: (as death of Monarke great,
Or rage of sicknes sprung from Dog-dayes heate:)
That, to the trembling Mariner (at hand)
Threatens huge stormes, plagues, famine to the land;
So shew'd the ayry tracke this troope diuine
Had made (amazing with it's glorious shine.)

At length, they *Ceres* palace had espy'd
And glorious lust're of it's top descride,
And pinacles; that (as they neerer drew)
The goodly frame they might at leisure view:
(A wondrous worke) erected first of all
By the blacke lab'ring *Cyclop's*; the high wall
Of hard and strongest *Thracian* Ir'n was made,
The massy posts that sustain'd and stai'd
The weightie building vp, of steele: and wrought
The rest was, with the Metall thither brought
By those industrious *Chalybes*; who found
The first vse of it vndermeath the ground.
Neuer was great *Pyracmon* busied more,
Or toyling *Sterops* sweate so much before,
As (bout this curious worke:) neuer (till then)
So (puffing, breathlesse) *Vulcans* iourny-men
Knocke on their batter'd Anuiles sparkling steele,
(Held by the crooked biting tongs) that feele
Their hammers loade: neuer was huger flame
Rais'd from the weary Fornace, then that same
Which, from the softned masse of metall thence
Arose; nor bellowes, with more violence
Breath'd on the burning Forge. Behold you might
From far, the gates (shining with yu'ry) white,
The top and battlements that outwardly
Appear'd, with siluer and blacke *Ebonie*
Checkr'd; the sollid beames the roofe vphold
VVithin, of brasse; and pillars of pure gold?
Here louely *Proserpine*, with melting tone,
Sat, to her dying honour (all alone)
VVarbling a swan-like farewell: for, she meant
VVith worke in hand, and needle, to present

Vnto

Vnto her Mother (whom ſhe longs to ſee
And ſtill expects) her painefull induſtrie
Drawne out in curious ſampler; and ſo thought,
(In vaine) to frame a robe of it (being wrought:)
There ſhe her fathers kingdome firſt began
In liuely colours to paint out; and than
Foure Elements (each in their order plac't)
With cunning hand ſhe flouriſht, and ſo grac't
The patterne with her skill, you could not know
Whether the fire were burning there or no:
Somewhat beneath (in region cleere and faire)
She figur'd had the freſh and liuely aire,
And next, the water, where ſhe often makes
A period to her handy-worke; and takes
Freſh ſilke to thred her needle, for ſhe here
Had much adoe to make the Sea appeare
In all his formes; the waues ſhe to the life
Deſcribes, and ſet out their tumultuous ſtrife:
The waters were with purple wrought, the ſhore
With *Emeralds* and Pearles all ſhadow'd o're;
Behold you might the ſedge and greeniſh weed
Flote from the Rockes (as if they there did breed
Where ſhe had plac't them) with ſuch Art conceiu'd,
That warie Pilots well might be deceiu'd
In viewing them; then forth a different skeine
Of ſilke ſhe ſorts, and freſh to worke againe
Begins, thoſe ſands, the brackiſh waters drinke:
Thoſe ſands, ſo like; that lookers on would thinke
They heard the Seas hoarſe murmure: laſt of all,
To th'earth ſhe comes, yet (for th'originall
Was but a dull piece, and groſſe element)
Leſſe labour in deſcribing that ſhe ſpent:

Only

Only some greene and yellow would bestow
Vpon the fields and flowr's that in them grow:
And (for variety) amongst the rest,
That of *Narcissus* story she exprest;
Where (opposite) the new transformed Rose,
The thorne-prick't goddesse loue to *Adon* showes.
(These *Elements* thus finisht to her mind)
Fiue diff'rent *Zones*, each in a seu'rall kinde
And quality she notes, a crimson thred
The middle woue (flaming all fiery redde
Inhabitable) on both sides of that
She plac't the other two, more temperate:
The two most cold (as needlesse to be drawne)
She prettily thus figur'd in the Lawne
Wherein she work't; (a space there left) and so
The Samplers white alone exprest their snow.
Next to her Vncles palace she descends,
(Proportioning his Furies, Fates and Fiends;
But here she stopp't: for (looking on her worke,
As if some ominous euent did lurke
Vnder these dismall Pictures) from her eyes
Teares (forming pearles) dropt on the Destinies:
And (weary of that sad taske) she began
To sort new colours to the Ocean;
VVhose Crystall winding streames, she there drew out
Vpon the vtmost border of her clowt.
But suddainely the hinges of her dore,
With creaking noyse were turn'd, and her before
The goddesses she spies, so all in haste
Th'imperfect worke and robe shee from her cast;
With maiden blush and fearefull modestie,
Vpon her siluer cheekes a skarlet dye

She spradde; vnlike to this, the *Lydian* Dame
With *Tyrian* purple spots her ywrie frame;
Now *Phœbus* diu'd into the west, and night
With lazie Carre, and dulnesse doth inuite
The world to rest; whilst *Pluto* warn'd by *Ioue*
His iourney plot's, and conquest of his loue.
And loe, th'vnseene Commandresse, secretly,
Of fearefull wagon; to her axletree,
The harnest thongs, and coupled horses ties
Horses, that, on the filth and scumme which rise
From bottome of *Cocytus*, feede: that graze
In fields of *Erebus* and hels blacke laies,
When (drunke with *Lethe*) vp into the world
Obliuion from their frothy mouthes is hurl'd.
Orphneus (shaking his vnruly head)
And *Aethon* (swift as flight) together tread
And (trampling in th'infernall entrie) beate
Each fire strucke flint from it's vnpaued seate:
Nicteus, with his staring maine, the best
Of *Stygian* brood, with braue *Alastor* drest
And ready harnest; both together stand
And (rear'd on end) *Alectos* sterne command,
With scornefull neighing mocke: (full of disdaine)
The cole black foure, scarcely themselues containe
Within hell gates (madde) on their masters prize
VVhich he expects, vpon the mornes vprise.

Finis Libri Primi.

THE

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the Second Booke.

Proſerpina *ſuſpectleſſe of her woes*
with Venus, Pallas, *and* Diana *goes*
To Ætna, *on whoſe skirts the morning howr's*
They ſpend, and crowne their temples with his flowr's:
Pluto *his prey doth ſnatch; the goddeſſes*
Pallas *and* Dian, *followe to releaſe*
Their Siſter: Ioue *his cloudie ſonne defends,*
That with loud triumph downe to hell deſcends.

BY this, the ſable vaile of night, from farre
Vnſprad; and *Phœbus* in his golden Carre,
Prickes on the fiery Steeds, that force their way
And make new breach thorow th' *Ionian* Sea,
Whil'ſt (day yet mask't in night) his flaring beames,
Play with the waues, and mocke the blue gods ſtreames,
About this morne peepe moment, the loſt mayd
Loſt, for ſhe now by *Venus* was betrayd,
(Vnmindfull of her mothers ſtrict command)
For who can ſtricter Deſtinies with-ſtand?

Boldly awakes, forgets all feare or doubt,
And to the dewy fields she sallies out;
Out went she, but no sooner tripped o're
The humble threshold, when her creaking dore,
VVith turned hinge thrice squeak'd; as if it meant
To warne her from the desperate attempt.
Thrice it presag'd, thrice (guilty of her fate)
The neighbouring *Aetna* groan'd: but ah, too late!
For headlong will of woman, now, in her,
Rebellion nourished 'gainst iuster feare.
Out went she, and with her the sisters three,
Those goddesses, that bore her companie;
First iocund *Venus* hugg'd with her deceit,
Glad, that the houre for which she long did wait
Drew neere; but gladdest that her pow'rfull skill
Could draw the pow'rs infernall to her will.
The smooth-comb'd locks, that (on her golden head
She weares) part (like two skeines) and as in thread
Intangled, some crumples vp: so shee
Some longer wore, some chipt and curled bee;
In a rich purple mantle was she clad,
O're which, a belt (her sweating husband had
Fram'd in his Forge) she cast, which kept it on;
Buckled ther'to with a rich Orient stone:
Next *Venus* march't *Lideus* beautious queene:
She (whom th' *Arcadian* Swaines full oft haue seene
Fell their wilde Bores; and she) whose stately lance
Pandions Tow'rs protects, who doth aduance
The Cities Trophies; this, in strife and iarre
Bestirres her selfe (best pleas'd with bloudy warre.
The other (a bold huntresse) loues to fright
The wildest beasts that tremble at her sight.

 Caru'd

Caru'd on a golden Helmet, *Pallas* bore
Huge *Typhons* picture, (whom she long before
Slew in *Ioues* quarrell:) *Typhons* vpper part
Is dead, the lower liuing; so in part
He liues, part dyes, that monstrous bulke of his,
Halfe man, halfe serpent, vpward, down-ward is
In her right hand a mighty speare she wields,
That tow'rs vp to the sky, no wood that yeelds
A tree so tall; and in her left hand, grac't
With dazling shield was vgly *Gorgon* plac't,
Crown'd with a head of snakes, whose visage grim
And killing looke, she with a vaile keepes in.
Dian appeares in a more mild aspect,
More louely, and in euery respect
So like her brother, that each siluer ray,
(Vpon her glorious head) shin'd it (by day)
Were *Phœbus* selfe: whose light, whose eminence
She bore (Sex only breeding difference)
Her azure plumpe vein'd armes discouered bare,
And careless lockes playd with the gentle aire.
Th'vnbended bowe now gaue her sinewes rest,
And at her backe the shafts in quiuer rest:
A short loose garment that she (fastned) weares
With double girt, scarce from her knee appeares;
On whose light ground (vnmatched to behold)
The wandring *Delos* floats in seas of gold:
With these, the ioy of *Ceres*, her deere child,
But soone, neere griefe, keepes equall pace in field,
Equall in limbes and honour, and might seeme
Either of both; for euery one would deeme
He saw a goddesse, and would thinke her so,
Bore she but *Pallas* shield, or *Phœbus* bowe:

Her gather'd garment fastned with a knot
By smoothest *Iasper* was; and she was not
Inferior to the Sisters nor their skill,
For she could couzen Natures selfe (at will)
With art, which neuer happ'lier was showne,
Then in the rare bestowing of her combe,
On those two golden fleeces, that adorne
Her wel-shap't head; where they so cu'n were worn
That not the finest thred in loome of Lawne
Agreed, or could more equally be drawne:
Th'Imagery in silkes so liuely wrought
On her loose robe, might please the very thought
Of nice beholders; who, when they should see
These pictures, and would iudge them but to bee,
Inanimate dead trunkes, might *Proserpine*
Pricke them but tongues, they'd speake and be diuine.
The bults she workt were of a goddesse breed,
(Resembling Sunne and Moone *Hyperions* seed)
But in their shapes she fashion'd different quite,
These two great Captaines of *Aurora*'nd Night:
Such, as when *Thetis* (they but tender, young,
Short breathed Infants) with a Nurse-like song
Rock't sleepe into their cradles, and doth take
To her warme lappe those sucklings when they wake;
Tytan, thus weake: (in his minoritie)
Dimme lighted, and not clamber'd vp so high
(As now) with mounting wing; in which first age
Men faine him mild, and free from scorching rage:
Thus, feeble *Tytan*, at his Dammes right side
Lay panting; and as often as he cry'd,
(For wantonnesse) so euer and anon
It sobb's, and spits a gentle fire, vpon

The

The louing Mother; who to ſtill and reſt,
Turnes to his ſiſter her left ſide and breſt:
From whence, and at her Criſtall dugge, ſhe drinks
That milke-ſweet liquor, whil'ſt her Sire bethinks
Him of the younglings: and the prettie Moone
Viewes in the Mothers arme, vnto her ſoone;
He (ſporting) calls, the wayward babe, that ſhowes
With one eye turned vpward, that it knowes
Nought but the dugge and *Thetis*, all elſe ſcornes,
Mockes him (kind father) with her little hornes.
In ſuch great pompe, glitt'ring attire, ſhe went:
The *Naides* (on both ſides of her) bent
In friendly troope, to wait and beare her traine,
Compaſſe her round, each ſtroue to be moſt faine.
Thoſe *Nymphes Crymniſius*, which thy fountaine cleere
And thine *Pantagia* (whoſe ſwift courſe doth beare,
And headlong rowle downe rocks:) do famous make
That Riner too from whence *Gela* doth take
The Cities name, and they (ſlow *Camarine*)
Which in thoſe fennie ſhallow lakes of thine
Are nouriſhed; thoſe that in Cryſtall brooke,
And ſtreames of *Arethuſa*, all forſooke
Their loued homes; and to make full the feaſt
Alpheus ſends his Nymphes, and 'mongſt the reſt
That there attend in gratefull companie,
None did excell the faireſt *Cyane*.
So *Amazones* in a triumphant band
With ſloped ſhields march through the foe-mans land:
When man-like braue *Hyppolita*, with ſpoyle
(From *Arcton* hill, laden with goods and toyle)
Retires her ſnowy troopes; then, when they ſweate
In bloud of yellow *Scythians*, or beate,

And

And breake with ſharpeſt axe the tougher Ice
That ſtops the current of ſwift *Tanais*:
So, the *Mæonian* Nymphes are wont to riſe
From *Hermus*, when their vs'd ſolemnities
They giue to *Bacchus*, on whoſe feſtiuall
Each, ſeuerally, and then, together, all
Vpon their fathers gold ſwolne bankes run mad,
Frisking about: the aged riuer (glad)
Sits in his denne, and as their want he viewes
VVater in plenty from moiſt vrne renewes;
No ſooner had flow'r-bearing *Aetna* ſpi'd,
And from his hearby top farre off deſcri'd
The ſacred people; when milde *Zepherus*
He forceth with entreates, and vrgeth thus:
Thou grateful (wiſhit for father) of the Spring,
That 'bout my medowes (with laſciuious wing)
Fly'ſt, and there reign'ſt, that with perpetuall blaſt
Bedew'ſt the ground, mak'ſt it with freſhneſſe laſt:
Looke yonder, looke vpon thoſe Nymphes that play
('Mongſt whom) the thund'rers plants to ſport this day,
Daigne midſt my walkes; be thou propitious,
Be preſent with thy odoriferous
Sweet flowr's, now to their fulneſſe blow them forth,
Ripen the bloſſomes and thoſe ſprouts of worth,
That fertile *Hybla* may at length confeſſe
(But enuie) that her fuitfulneſſe is leſſe.
VVhat euer ſents the drie *Arabia*
Breathes from her ſpices on the morning grey;
VVhat odours flatt'ring ſence *Hydaſpes* ſends
From farre; what ere the rare bird (that extends
Her flight to ſwartie *Indians* (there can find
That (though ſhe want a mate) can raiſe her kind

From

From her owne death and ashes, and renewes
Past yeeres with youth: sweet *Zephirus* infuse
The summe and all into these veines, and blow
With fullest cheeks: cherish these fields, that so
I may deserue the touch diuine, and pure
Of goddesse finger; and so farre allure
Those heau'nly pow'rs, they may be couetous
To weare our flowry garlands on their browes:
Here *Aetna* stopt, when straight the West-wind threw
Shak't (from his madid wings) a *Nectar* new
On the dry turfes, and ioines the clefted earth,
Begets in it a second fruitfull birth:
Where e're he flies a Spring of *Aprill* show'rs
Followes; the ground swels vp with hearbs and flow'rs,
Which with their load (the moisture quickly spent)
Bend downe againe, and (fading) lose their sent.
This place he clotheth with the bloud-bright Rose,
That, with young *Hyacinthus*, there bestowes
The purple-painted (neere blacke) Violet.
What belt on *Parthian* King was euer set
In richer Iemmes? what more varietie
In fleeces spotted with *Assyrian* dye?
The Bird of *Iuno* in his greatest pride,
Shewes but dull eyes (with these faire colours tride:)
Not so (when watrish winter doth begin)
The Raine-bow crownes him with oft varying,
When streaking the pale Sunne with redder fire (cleere:
The moystned tracke, through clouds disperc't shewes
The place exceeds the flowers: for a plaine
Here crooking swels; there, seemes to rise againe
In hillockes soft, till, farther it becomes
A hill, where from a liuely punice runs

A bubling Spring, which growes into a Brooke,
From which it's moiſture the dew'd graſſe doth ſucke;
For (as the Snake-like ſtreame winds in and out)
It ſnares the hearbes and flow'rs round about:
The Woods coole leaues here ſerue for ſummers ſhade,
(By whoſe thicke boughes VVinters cold froſt's allayd)
Where growes the Firre, the hard ſtrong Cherrie-tree
For ſhips, for bowes (in warre) that fitteſt be:
Ioues loued Oke, young, and in vig'rous heat,
The old, with luſcious hony-combes repleat:
The mournfull Cypreſſe couering ſepulchre,
And Bay preſaging Lawrel tree grew there:
The thicke-topt, ſpreading, criſped Boxe, (whoſe weight)
Doth make it waue, and totter from it's height:
The Serpent-like ſlow Yuie, and the Elme
Lac't with the Vine, makes it with Grapes o're-whelme.
A Lake which the *Sicilians*, *Pergus* name,
Was neere at hand; and to adorne the ſame,
A rowe of well-plac't trees begirt it round,
Whoſe ſilent water (free from noyſe or ſound)
Looke, pale, and ſuffers the beholders eyes
(Vnhurt) to ſearch the bottomes ſecreſies.
The traine be'ing here arriu'd they ioy and ſport
To ſee the flowry Country, to exhort,
Thus, *Cytherea*, them begins: Come, come,
Siſters, and gather till the morning Sunne
Drie the ayres ſweat, whil'ſt yet my *Lucifer*
(Mountedron dewy Courſer) euery where
Waters the yellow fields: ſo, hauing ſpoke,
She firſt began to plucke a flow'r, firſt tooke
The badge of her old griefe, then each doth ſtriue
And fall to worke, as when of Beeſ a Hiue

Snat-

Snatches the ſweets of *Hyblas* Tyme; or when
Their Leaders with an Army (as 'mongſt men)
Remoue their waxen tents: or, when they creepe
From hollow Beeches wombe, and (ſwarming) ſweepe
The duſtie ayre; when (ſwolne with their cropt ſtore)
(Buzzing) they ſeeme to grumble yet for more.
So they made hauocke of the flow'rs, and ſpoile
Of all their glory, in a moments toyle.
The Lilly to the darker Violet
One weaues; another in her breſt doth ſet
The ſoft-ſweet *Marioram*; a third muſt goe
Starre-deckt with Roſes; this in diff'ring ſhowe
Prankes vp her ſelfe with Priuet white, and thee
They gather, and thy weeping Tragedie
(Poore *Hyacinth*) renew; nor doe they ſpare
Narciſſus (both of you now branches rare
Of the freſh ſpring, and in your liues, the ioyes
Of Nature, two moſt excellent ſweet boyes)
Thee the tiles errour ſtrooke, but thee, thine owne;
When in the fountaine that ſelfe-loue was knowne:
Apollo, with ſad brow thy loſſe laments;
At thine *Cephiſſus* broken reed relents:
Proſerpina, more greedy then the reſt
(Moſt hot vpon the ſpoile) culs out the beſt,
And ſtuffes her *Oſier* baskets full; that ſmile
To ſee their Miſtris the poore fields beguile
Of their rich habit; ſhe with garlands crownes
Her temples (ignorant of fate) that frownes
Vpon the wreath ſhe weares (propheticall
Swiftly fore-running the blacke Nuptiall)
The warlike Goddeſſe, her right hand, that ſcowres
The luſtie troopes, that teares downe walls and towres,

Giues to an easier taske; layes by her speare
Her glist'ring shield (vnus'd such toyes to beare)
She teacheth now the garland to embrace,
Her steele-topp't helmet sweetest garlands grace:
Nor she, that in *Parthenian* Mountaines seekes
With sure nos'd senters after chase, dislikes
The sport, but her licentious lockes keepes downe,
And bridles them with a faire garland crowne:
Whil'st thus the scatter'd Virgins pull the flow'rs,
Behold a noyse 'gan bellow, as if two tow'rs
(Falling) had rush't together, or some Towne
From it's foundations firme had bin cast downe,
The cause none gest, but *Paphos* goddesse: she
Was preinstructed in the mystery,
And had this double passion at her choyse
To feare with them, but inwardly reioice:
And now the rector of the damn'd, below;
Through secret windings bustles to and fro,
To find a way to earth: first doth he fetch
A compasse here and there; then makes a breach
Aloft; his foggy Coursers trample on
Enceladus, that with their weight doth groane,
(The Gyants huge vaste limbes cut by their wheeles)
Addes to the former torments that he feeles;
And lab'ring, with a double yoke, in paine:
(For he beares *Dis* and *Aetna* now) would faine
Finde ease; the wearie Serpents (clinging) stay
Their axletree, the horses force their way,
And scudde along (too swift for them too slacke)
Their fiery wheeles slide from his sulph'rous backe.
And as the close besieger, by degrees
Steales on his mu'd vp foe, that nought foresees,

VVhil'st

VVhil'st he (by a laborious countermine
And secret) the mockt wals doth vndermine;
Whose strength and stricter guard none now protect,
(The Conqu'rours entring, where they least expect)
Like to these earth-borne men. *Saturnes* third heire
Contriues a passage vp to the VVorld's aire
His brothers Orbe, and giues his Steeds free reine
Searcheth through eu'ry corner: but (in vaine)
No gate appeares, huge heapes of rokces and stones
Damme vp his passage eu'ry where; not once
Discou'ring light, as purposely to keepe
The god close pris'ner in that dungeon deepe;
But he (enrag'd) brook't no delayes, and straight
Aduanc't his beamy scepter, with whose weight
He breakes the Rocks; teares the resisting ground,
The blow caus'd all *Sicilia's* Caues resound,
And Riuers rore; th'adiacent Islands shake,
Amazed *Vulcane* suddaine flight doth take,
(Leauing his forge) the trembling *Cyclop's* hide
Their fearefull heads, and cast *Ioues* bolts aside;
The poore cold dweller on steepe *Appenine*,
And frozen passengers, that slowly climbe
The hoary *Alpes*, amazed stand, and doubt
Of some new broile 'twixt *Ioue* and *Gyant* rowt:
Those that (along thy streames) with naked limbe
Perpetuall trophie bearing *Tyber*, swimme,
And those that to thy current famous *Po*
Launch out their little barkes, heard that great blowe:
So when (on lower Plaines of *Thessalie*)
A standing poole (by rockie Mountaines high
Inclos'd) denies vnto the marish ground
Tillage; and pasture to the medowes drown'd;

Till angry *Neptune* with his *Tridents* pikes,
Pierceth high *Ossa*, and cold *Olympus* strikes;
Whose wounded sides open a passage wide,
At which th'imprison'd waters (loos ned) slide,
The Floods vnto the Sea, and drier land
Restored are, vnto the Husbandman.
No sooner was Earths knotty vaile vndone
(By *Pluto*) when *Tripacria* begun
To spread her large and op'ning wombe; and now
A suddaine fright, vpon the pallid brow
Of heau'n appeares; the stars vnus'd to stray
From their first course, seeke an vncertaine way:
The two celestiall Beares that shone so bright
In the forbidden Sea dash their dimme light.
Lazy *Boötes* feare doth headlong cast,
Orion trembles, *Atlas* stands aghast
At hels Iades neighing, whose breath, misty steams
Obscure heau'ns face, and *Phœbus* golden beams;
His radiant brightnesse in the beasts doth breed
A suddaine terror, for they vse to feed
Perpetually in darknesse: now by fits,
Betwixt their teeth they catch the champed bits,
And (winding sidelong) their Coach beame would turne
Backward to hell, and *Chaos* to returne.
But when they once the Tarry whip perceiue
Lash their blacke buttockes, quickly then they leaue
Their strife; and (forc't to the new light) depart
Swifter then winter floud, or *Parthian* dart:
The violence of *Southerne* stormes is slowe
To their quicke pace, that nimblest thoughts outgoe:
The reines grow hot with their ranke bloud, and breath
From fornace of their nostrils sends pale death

Into

Into the purer ayre: their froth, vpon
Th'vntroden ſands leaues ſtrong infection.
The Nymphs all fled, ſaue *Proſerpine*; (who caught
And ſnatcht into the Chariot) beſought
The goddeſſes with ſcreaking loud for ayde;
Pallas that viewes her (how ſhe was betrayd)
Diſcouers *Gorgons* viſage; *Delia* tool
To her reliefe haſtens the horne-bent bowe:)
Nor giue they way vnto their Vncle; for
Ioint Charitie incites them to this warre,
Virginity in them and *Proſerpine*
(Alike) exaſperates the fault and crime
Of the bold rauiſher; he keepes his way
(Feareleſſe:) as when the Lion makes a prey
On ſome young Steere the beauty of the ſtall
And herd, when with his pawes beſmeared all
In bloud, he diues into the naked breſt
Vntill his rau'nous hunger there ſuppreſt;
Quarters out more, at length his appetite
Quite ſlak't (with ſtaring gaze that would affright)
He careleſſe ſtands, ſhaking his knotted maine
(As if the Herdſmans threats hee did diſdaine.)
Thou ruler of the ſluggiſh Orbe, thou worſt
(Quoth *Pallas*) of thy brothers; thou accurſt:
What Furies with their whips and brands profane
Haue moou'd thee? that (thy kingdome left in vain)
Thou dar'ſt pollute the earth: Away, begone:
Chuſe 'mongſt thy *Dirie* a Companion
Worthy thy bed; thy brothers kingdome leaue
And doe not others of their lot bereaue:
Backe to thy night, why mingleſt thou the dead
To liuers? why (a ſtranger) doſt thou tread

Vpon

Vpon our Globe? She thus exclaimes, and wounds
The horn-hoof'd ſteeds (making them keep their bounds
With her oppoſed ſhield) they ſtoppe, and ſhee
With vprear'd launce was readie to let flee
Againſt the Chariot, had not Heauens King
(In ſigne of Truce) bow'd his red thund'ring Wing
(Acknowledging his ſonne) and from aboue
The gaping Clouds, doth *Hymen* reapproue
Th'eternall Knot; and with their blazing light,
His flames, are witneſſes to *Pluto's* right:
The Goddeſſes forbore, *Cinthia* her Bow
Vnbends, but addes theſe words vnto her woe.
Be mindfull (ah farewell) the iuſt reſpect
Of father, hath deni'de vs to protect
Thy perſon, nor can wee in armes withſtand
Him, that inflicts on vs his dread command:
Thy Sire is bent againſt thee, thou muſt goe
Vnto thoſe ſilent people (there below;)
(Alas poore Virgin) and ſhalt neuer ſee
Thy ſiſters more, nor equall companie.
What fate? what fortune from aboue thee beares
(Dooming the ſtarres vnto perpetuall teares)
No more my Nets ſhall 'bout *Parthenian* Caue
Be ſpred, no more will I my Quiuer haue;
And now ſecurely may the wilder Boare
Foame, and the raging Lyon freely roare:
Taygetus and *Arcadia* ſhall bewaile
Thee; when my hunting them begins to faile,
Sad *Cynthus* will bemoane thy deſtinie,
And *Delfo's* Oracle muſt ſilent be:
Whil'ſt thus ſhe mournes, the wofull *Proſerpine*
(Her looſe haire ſcatter'd to the Southerne wind)

(In ſwift-drawne Chariot wringing her ſoft hands
On ſorrow-beaten breſt) theſe vaine demands
Powr's againſt heauen: why? ah why (quoth ſhe)
Didd'ſt thou not (father) caſt thy darts at me
By hands of *Cyclops* made? and not expell
Thy daughter hence in diſmall ſhades to dwell?
No loue of father? could no pittie moue
What fault of mine hath thus incenſt great *Ioue*?
When *Phlegra* rag'd in ſuddaine tumults, I
No Banner waued 'gainſt their enemy,
The gods; nor then by ſtrength of mine at all
Did frosty *Olympus* on cold *Oſſa* fall:
What miſchiefe haue I practis'd? of what fault
Made guilty? am I baniſht to hells Vault,
Vaſte op'ning iawes? happy, oh happy they,
VVhom other Rauiſhers haue made their prey,
And borne with them! at leaſt in their annoy
The common light, the Sun-ſhine ſuch enioy:
But I; Heau'n, Earth, Virginitie muſt leaue,
The *Stygian* king doth me of ſhame bereaue:
Oh ill lou'd flow'rs, mockt Parents counſailes ill,
Sad triall learn't (too late) of *Venus* skill!
My deareſt Mother, whether *Lydian* ſong
In Vale of *Ida*, thee detaine thus long:
Or, whether thou to *Dyndimus* bee'ſt gone
To bloudy ſacrifice, there (looking on
Cybels mad Prieſts, that with their drawn ſwords roame
About thoſe hils:) make haſte and quickly come
To my reliefe: ſuccour my franticke griefe,
Hold in the looſe raines of this cruell thiefe.
He at theſe words, and ſeemely mourning grew,
A ſtronger melting paſſion to renew;

And with his sooty garment dries her teares
(Temp'ring with mildest voice her cause-lesse feares :)
Cease, sweetest *Proserpine*, to vexe thy minde
With vaine laments, a husband thou shalt find
Worthy thy loue; know, we are *Saturnes* sonne,
That ouer all things beare dominion :
Nor thinke that thou the gladsome day hast lost,
Since we of starres and purer light may boast;
VVhen thou th'*Elizian* brightnesse shalt admire,
And happy soules free from tormenting fire,
VVhere the more precious golden age doth keepe
(In an eternall quiet lul'd asleepe:)
Where *Zephirus*, faire flowr's of richest worth
Breathes out (such as thy *Aetna* ne're brought forth)
Where in the shadie Groues a rich tree growes,
Whose arched boughes the golden Apple shews,
That consecrate I to thee, and will make
A happie lasting Autumne for thy sake:
What e're the liquid ayre, what *Aeolus*
Containes (my louely queene shall bee for vs,
Earth, Seas and Riuers, all that in them liue,
To thy commands shall their obeisance giue,
The rich-clad purple kings shall humbly fall
Before thy throne (mixt with the poore) for all
Death equals; thou the guilty and vniust
Shalt iudge, with them, the Innocent and Iust,
Those shal bewaile their crimes, these shall be blest
By thee, and sent into eternall rest:
The Destinies vpon thy will shall waite,
And what thou ordereſt be held for fate
Immoueable: (this sayd) they now drew neere
Hell gates, he enter'd with vnusuall cheere.

Like

Like ſhaken leaues in ſapleſſe Autumne caſt,
From trees to earth, by furious Southerne blaſt,
Or rainie drops in a thicke Cloud or ſand,
By broken waues caſt vp into the land:
The damned ſoules in thronging multitude,
To view their queene, boldly themſelues intrude:
At entrance of his Lords great *Phlegeton*
Ariſeth, and from boiling ſtreames, vpon
His briſtled beard caſts moiſture, and that face
All on a flame: the Fiends, each to his place
And ſeuerall office them addreſſe; ſome chuſe
To ſet the Chariot vp, whil'ſt others looſe
Th'vnharneſt couples (turning them to graze
On their knowne paſtures, blacke *Cocytus* layes:
Part decke the Palace with rich Tapiſtrie
(Set out with curious wrought Imagerie:)
Part dreſt the windowes with freſh flow'rs; within,
The Nuptiall bed, others with Cou'rings trimme:
Th'*Elizian* Matrons round begirt their queene
In a chaſte troope (whoſe tender ſorrow ſeene
By ſweet words eas'd) they order her looſe haire,
And hide with flaming vaile the ſhame-fac't faire
The Region pale and bleak, wanne ghoſts now free,
Doe frolicke in triumphant iollity;
(Darke ſilence interrupted) loud they ſing,
And horrid peales with noyſe (vndaunted) ring
Hels grones now ceaſt, and (filth of vgly night
Diſperc't) ſhe's rariſi'd with purer light:
Minos no more caſts lotts, the ſoules condemn'd
Of their dilated paines now find an end;
No laſh reſounds; *Ixion* from his wheele
Is loos'ned, and (refreſht) doth comfort feele:

Poore *Tantalus* the enuious water ſippes,
And taſt's the fruit erſt mockt his thirſty lippes:
Tytius vaſte limbes are rayſed from the ground,
(Where he nine Acres couer'd) and vnbound,
(The rau'nous Vulture from his panting breſt
Diſſolu'd) laments (as a forbidden gueſt:)
The Furies now forgetfull of their rage,
With ſofteſt notes, their ſtrict reuenge aſſwage,
Huge goblets they prepare, and drinke a fill
Of wine, in which their monſtrous locks they ſwil;
To the *Ceraſtes* powre carowſes deepe,
(Whil'ſt with new light ſtill burning freſh they keepe
The feſtiuall ſpent Torches:) now, you take
A ſafer flight ouer *Auernus* Lake
(Then erſt) you birds; (ſtill wont to ſacrifice
Your ſelues to vapours thicke that thence ariſe.)
(*Amſanctus* current ſwift now ſtopt) the noyſe
Ceas't, boiling *Acheron* 'gan loud reioice,
That his hot waues (turn'd to a fountaine) run
Coole ſtreames of milke; which, they had neuer done
Till now; And now *Cocytus* flouriſhing
(All clad in Yuie) offers to hells king
A ſtanding Poole, and of *Lyæus* ſtore,
Of ſacred liquor. *Atropos* forbore
(In ſigne of triumph now) with cruell hand
Lifes thred to cut: at *Plutos* dire command
Death ſtops his progreſſe, now no teares are ſpent,
Nor Kindred, Kindreds Funerals lament:
The Sea-man ſcapes all ſtormes; the Souldier, he
Securely fights (from ſhot and ſharp pike free;)
Free from contagion healthy Cities are,
Free from the plagues of famine, ſickneſſe, warre:

Old

Old *Charon* crown'd with reeds betwixt each ſhore
Keepes ſinging time with ſtroke of idle Oare:
The Eu'ning *Heſperus* (deſcending) fled
To th'Orbes below: now to her Nuptiall bed
The Virgin's brought, ſtarre-painted night lookes on
As (witneſſe) to the marriage: ſhe, vpon
Them both ſhow'rs happy bleſſings to enſue
From this eternall vnion, and a crew
Of bleſt *Elizian* Saints thus ſweetly ſing,
Preſaging notes to their faire *Queene* and King.
Our Mother *Iuno*, and of thundriug *Ioue*
(Thou Sonne in lawe, and brother) may all loue
Beget ſoft reſt vnto you both; and knit
Thoſe mutuall neckes in your embraces fit.
A proſp'rous race growes toward now; and glad
Nature expects more gods: oh may you adde
New deities, new pow'rs to hells affaires,
Make *Ceres* Grandam to your wiſhed heires.

Finis Libri Secundi.

THE

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the Third Booke.

Ioue *calls a Synode of the gods, reueales*
His will: each of them, secretly, conceales
The rape, from Ceres *vnto* Phrigia *gone,*
She dreames, returneth home (her losse being knowne)
'Gainst gods sh' exclaimes (enrag'd) the world about
Searcheth with lights her daughter to find out.

WHil'st hell thus triumphs, *Iupiter* aboue (moue,
Commands *Thaumantis* (girt with clowds to
And summon vp the pow'rs of earth and seas,
(Clad all in red) she downeward slides, with ease,
On *Zephires* wings; the gods, the Sea Nymphes all,
And riuers, from their humid dens doth call:
('Twixt feare and doubt they rowse themselues) but muse
What new occasion, or what suddaine newes
Disturbes their quiet rest; and (being come
To heauens starre-Chamber) each their proper roome
And place prouided haue, with order sit;
In the first ranke the gods Celestiall sit:

And

And in the ſecond, the Sea pow'rs are plac't,
Calme *Nereus*, and aged *Phorcus*, grac't
With comely hoarineſſe; (next theſe, biform'd
Glaucus was ſet, and *Proteus* (vntransform'd)
In his owne ſhape: the ancient and great
Riuers were honour'd with a ſeu'rall ſeate;
But thouſand leſſer Brookes (as was moſt meet
For youth) like common rowt ſtood on their feet:
The VVater-Nymphes, each, to her liquid Sire
Leanes, and dumbe gazing Fawns, heau'ns ſtars admire.
Then the graue father from *Olympus* high
Thus ſpoke, and breathed forth this myſterie:
At length, the care of mans affaires, againe
Solicites me, which, ſince the lazie reigne
Of idle Saturne long neglected were;
VVhen we perceiu'd how men ſecure from feare,
Lay ſteep't and buri'd in my fathers ſloth,
Then to giue further ſuff'rance we were loth:
But (willing to reforme the ſame in part)
Spurr'd vp inuention, and gaue reines to Art:
Then were we pleaſed that th' vntilled field
(Leſſe liberall) leſſe ſtore of Graine ſhould yeeld:
That hony in the woods more ſcarce ſhould grow,
And wine no more from ſwelling Fountaines flow:
Not that we enuious were, or baſely prone
To pois'nous malice; but, when ouer-growne
VVe plenty ſaw, and eaſefull ryot, blind
The light of reaſon, to diſſwade mankind
VVe willing were, dull ſpirits to reuiue:
That each man might by his owne labour liue,
That, ſharpe neceſſity ſhould then produce
And bring forth arts (to be brought vp by vſe.)

But Nature vrgeth vs (with ſad complaint)
To eaſe poore man (for ſuch a burden faint)
And (hauing to my charge the Tyrant layd)
VVith former golden age doth vs vpbrayd;
She calls *Ioue*, Miſer, ſayes; that ſhe is franke,
Exclaimes, that we, the fields with thiſtles ranke
And to growe barren, ſuffer: that the yeere
Doth fruitleſſe paſſe.
That ſhe, (who vnto mortals long did vowe
Her ſelfe Kinde mother) is turn'd Stepdame now,
And thus proceeds: what boots it, wretched man
To haue a ſoule (from heauen infus'd) that can
Diſcourſe and reaſon, and his lofty head
Lift vp; if he like beaſts a life muſt lead,
(VVandring with them in the wild woods, to get
The fruit of Swiniſh acorns for his meate?
Is this (ſayth ſhe) to liue? with ſuch diſtaſt
The common mother vrg'd, that we; at laſt
Contented were, ſhe thus much ſhould obtaine,
That from *Chaonian* food her ſonnes abſtaine;
To which effect, we ſolemnly decree:
That, *Ceres*, of her daughters Deſtinie
Witleſſe (who now with her curſt Damme remaines,
Laſhing th'Idean Lyons o're thoſe Plaines)
With wailefull mourning ſearch the world throughout,
Till (hauing in th' end of her pledge found out)
In ſigne of her new ioy (for old griefe paſt)
Huge heapes of harueſt ſhe may from her caſt,
From golden Carre, and ſpread ripe eares of corne
Vpon the fields by her blue Dragons borne.
But liſt, you gods; if any here reueale
The rape of *Proſerpine*; or not conceale

The Rauisher from *Ceres*, I protest
A gen'rall ruine to the peace and rest
Of things; (be he a sonne, or sister she,
Or wife of mine, or that deere daughter be
That from my brain-pan boasts her birth) shal feele
The stroke of thunder and reuengefull steele
Of *Gorgons* fury: and though she must liue,
(For deities dye not) yet shall she grieue
To haue been borne of heauen, and wish for death.
Like punishment my vengeance shall vnsheath
On any of you (Riuers) thar withstand
The secresie of this my strict command:
(By me first wounded) him, my sonne in lawe
Repunish shall; this for a sacred lawe
Establish't stand: (this sayd) and past for fate,
The starres were shak't, and seate whereon he sate.
And now the apparitions of blacke night,
And fearefull mischiefe *Ceres* do affright:
Who (absent from this Synode, and secure)
To her still thought could sweetest rest procure;
But now each moment doth ingeminate
Her doubtfull feares, and vgly night (as fate)
Whispers the sad mishap of *Proserpine*,
Who, (in each dreame of hers) seemes to decline
More from her pristine being; eu'ry sleepe
Of *Ceres*, her vext soule in cares doth steepe.
So still she groanes in night, and when day comes,
Cold wonderment her stupid sence benummes,
Till next night's fantasies, in which; a dart,
One while (her seemeth) to her daughters heart
Fast'ned appeares; and (as a horrid sight)
She loathes her garment chang'd from chastest white:

The

The trees that in her walkes ſhe long did know
Barren, now freſh (ſhe thinkes) and fruitfull growe:
But one (amongſt them all) ſhe liked beſt,
Whoſe ſhamefac't leaues ſeru'd for a ſhade in reſt
To *Proſerpine*; the Bay tree that, ſhe ſees
Cut from the root, and by ſtrange cruelties
Of art, the boughes lopt off; boughes, that abound
In freſhneſſe, now ly wither'd on the ground,
And (as ſhe thought) of this great wickedneſſe
Enquiring, wofull *Driades* expreſſe
The lamentable Storie; here (ſay they)
The raging Fiends haue made a bloudy Fray
VVith helliſh axe; and layd the duſt along
Thy lawrell greene, freſh feeling of it's wrong.
At length, all circumſtances, all diſguiſe
Vnmask'd, poore *Ceres* her ill fortune ſpies
In her owne child, that now her ſelfe appeares
Her owne forc't-meſſenger, wet-viſage, cleeres
All wau'ring doubts, which (when the goddeſſe wakes)
She puts away, and on her, new griefe takes;
For *Proſerpine* appear'd, as if ſhe ſeem'd
Shut in cloſe priſon, and her mother deem'd
Her fetter'd with ſtrong ſhackles, not as ſhe
VVas left by her in fruitfull *Sicilie*;
Nor (as the goddeſſes her found, when they
In *Aetnas* roſie vallies her aſtray
Did leade, but now; thoſe lockes ſhe might behold
(VVhilome ſurpaſſing ambar and faire gold
In brightnes) ſquallid blacke, the ſparkling light
Fire of her eyes, extinguiſht is by night,
A night of ſorrow, and that bluſhing red
Vpon her cheeke (exhauſt with cold) growne dead.

The Rubies, of her well grac't lippes quite spent,
And limbes, then snow erst whiter, with the sent
And colour of hels pitch, defil'd, to view
Of *Ceres*, were so strange, she scarce her knew:
Yet, seeing her so chang'd: gods! what a sight
Is here (sayth she?) what bitter wofull plight?
What fault? what punishments are these? what face?
What macerated monster of disgrace
Is this? (she addes:) who thus hath pow'r (she cries)
Hath pow'r thus much on vs to tyrannize?
Why bearest thou these bonds, this chaine, vnfit
For wild beasts? Doe thy soft armes merit it?
Art thou (quoth she) my child, or dreame I, art mine?
VVhen the vex't Image of poore *Proserpine*
Reply'd with terrour: Mother, oh, thou blinde
Mother; oh thou to thy lost child vnkinde!
Could'st thou (more cruell then the Lyons) whom
Thou kept'st in awe, so long thy comming home
Deferre, and me that was thine only deare,
So long forget, was I despis'd? then heare
A dolefull truth, that name of *Proserpine*
So sweet to thee, so lou'd, so only thine,
Only that name remaines: for, see, behold
VVhat punishment, what bonds to me infold?
But (cruell) thou in vprore with a song
Through *Phrigian* Cities hurri'st, and of wrong
To me art witlesse; yet, if mothers breast
Haue not quite left thee: if thou yet of blest
And holy *Ceres* beat'st the name, let me
Begge one boone at thy hands (my liberty:)
Carry me vp againe, but if too late
I striue 'gainst *Ioue*, and my prefixed fate:

If backe I neuer must returne; yet thou,
At least, with comfortable visit now
Come see mee: thus she spake, and going about
To stretch her hands, she could not hold them out,
(So clogg'd with yr'ns) that (as she vanisht) shook:
(At which noyse) *Ceres* fearefully awoke,
Glad, that the vision had no trewer prou'd,
But sorry for the want of her belou'd;
Vp straight she gets in a distracted mood,
And to *Cybele* doth her griefes vnloade:
No longer (sacred Parent) can I stay
In *Phrigian* ground; the care calls me away
Of dearest child, she's yet a Girle and young,
Knowes not the danger of a flatt'ring tongue:
Her tender yeeres vnto all hazard yet
Doe her expose, nor do those buildings great
And trustie, of the *Cyclops*, me assure:
Each blast of fame, doth make me lesse secure
Of safety (lest she to the gods reueale
My secret house) nor can the Isle conceale
My daughters being there (it being a place
So famous) and withall th'apparent blaze
Of *Aetna*, and *Enceladus* deepe groanes
Cannot be hid, nor silenced his moanes.
My boading dreames in sundry vncouth formes
Presage, and eu'ry dreame sends fresh alar'mes
Of doubts vnto me, my Propheticke thought
Still threatens, and hath still vpon me wrought.
As often as the crowne of golden eares
Falls from my head of't selfe, vp get my feares
As oft, and stirre the bloud that on my brest
Stands in a sweat, whil'st I (perplext) no rest

Can take: then on a ſuddaine doe ariſe
Two ſtreames, that breake from my vnwilling eyes,
My rebell hand doth beate my trembling heart,
VVhen I would touch my pipe (it ſeemes) all Art
And ſweetneſſe failes; that nothing doth remaine
But the dead ſound, and (being in this vaine)
My Tymbrel's ſtrokes, nought but ſad ſounds forth ſend;
All things (I feare) my griefes to come portend:
Delay is dangerous, ſuch words (replyes
Cybele) may they fruſtrate mount the skies;
Ioue's not ſo ſlacke: but (to her lateſt end)
VVith thunder, will be ready to defend
His pledge; but thou thy iourney onward haſte,
And backe returne, when thy falſe-feare's ore'paſt:
Ceres takes leaue, the Temple leaues, and ſet
Vpon her Chariot) thinkes the Dragons yet
Are dull and lazy, with her laſh that rings
In th'ayre, belabours their alternate wings:
Tow'rd *Sicilie* ſhe driues amaine, and ſcant
O're *Ida*, but deſpaires, ſuſpects her want.
As a poore bird (of tender young bereft,
VVho to ſome tree or lower hedge were left,
Whil'ſt ſhe prepar'd them food; euer from whence
Her flight ſhe takes, a kind of troubled ſence,
Tender remorſe ſhe hath: firſt, leſt the wind
Her neſt blowe downe; next, leſt ſhe empty find
The ſame (to men or Snakes a prey) ſo ſhe,
So *Ceres*, when ſhe ſaw the cuſtodie
Faile, and the watch-folke of her houſe all gone,
The poſtes broke vp, hinges caſt downe, vpon
Her out-roomes deſolate; with ſuch a ſight
And vnexpected change, all in a fright

Her

Her clothes ſhe rent, and from her ſoft haire teares
The ſprigges and it; this madneſſe dry'd her teares,
Nor had ſhe breath to ſpeake; but hauing ſpent
VVith trembling, all her ſpirits (as ſhe went
Forward) the firſt ſtep was a ſtumble ſtill,
Yet on ſhe goes, and with a madding will
VVanders about, to view theſe emptie roomes:
(As ſhe from one into another comes)
On a diſorder'd frame at length ſhe lights,
The worker well ſhe knew, but poorely ſlights
Th'imperfect piece, for (the diuine worke, ſpy'd)
She found, that the bold Spider had ſupply'd
VVith ſacrilegious webbe, that emptie ſpace:
Yet ſhe nor wept, nor grieu'd; but kiſt the place
And cloth vnfiniſhed, vpon thoſe threds
She ſpends her dumbe complaints, and thinks ſhe reades
Her daughter, on thoſe faces: eu'ry toy
About the ſcatter'd roomes, doth ſhe enioy
And hugge for *Proſerpine*: now the chaſt couch
And forlorne bed inuites her to approach,
Which ſluttiſhly (vnmade) ſeemes to complaine
For want of the ſoft waight it did ſuſtaine.
Amaz'd ſhe ſtands, (ſtrook dumbe, in ſuch diſtreſſe
Like a poore Swaine, or ſimple Shepheardeſſe,
(Whoſe flocke, whil'ſt ſhe was farre from their reliefe
To *Africke* Lyons rage, or cunning thiefe,
Expos'd) too late can ſhe returne, and calls
The beaſts (in vaine) within their hurdle walls;
So *Ceres*: and in th'vtmoſt roome ſhe ſpy'd
Electra, Nurſe vnto her child, a tride
Seruant of hers; and of the Ocean (came.
The moſt knowne ancient Nymph (from whence ſhee

Like

Like *Ceres* ſelfe, in goodneſſe; this was ſhe
That *Proſerpine* from tender infancie
Bore at her breſt; and, till ſhe went alone,
Was vs'd for ſport, *Ioues* thigh to ſet her on.
This her Companion was, her Guard ſelect,
Whom (next her Mother) ſhe would moſt reſpect.
When her thus *Ceres* found, rob'd of her truſt,
With hoarie lockes now ſcatter'd in the duſt,
(After a volley of loud ſighes) the reines
To grieſe ſhe looſens, and breathes out her paines:
VWhat ſacke is this (ſaid ſhe?) And are we giu'n
A prey to *Titans* hoaſt? Reignes *Ioue* in Heau'n?
(The Thund'rer liuing) who durſt be ſo bold?
VWho durſt commit this outrage, vncontrol'd?
Typhœus, *Alcyoneus*, haue theſe
Broke from the Mountaines, giu'n their yoakt-necks eaſe?
Or hath my neighbour *Aetna*, *Enceladus*
Freed? Or my houſehold gods, *Briareus*
And ſeat deſtroy'd? Ah, where art thou (my Deare)
Thoſe handmaids that attended on thee, where?
VWhere, where is *Cyane*? what violence,
My chanting *Syrens*, hath remou'd you hence?
Is this your faith? is this your loyaltie,
To keepe anothers Pledge from danger free?
The poore Nurſe trembled, and her grieſe gaue place
To ſtronger feare; not to haue ſeene the face
Of wofull *Ceres*, ſhe would gladly haue dy'de:
Senceleſſe, amaz'd, awhile ſhe doth abide,
(As loth the doubtfull miſchiefe to diſcloſe)
Vntill at length, diſpenſing with her woes
And paſſions, thus ſhe ſpake: I would the mad
And raging Armie of the Gyants had

Beene

Beene actors in this mischiefe; common things
Doe lesse affect vs, sorrow that most wrings
Is that which by our neerest friends is sought,
And such is thine, for goddesses haue wrought,
Conspir'd thy ruine, nay (which least of all
Thou migh'tst suspect) sisters, did cause our fall:
The trech'rous gods and woundes here behold
Of enui'ous kindred, that their bloods haue sold.
Phlegra'gainst heau'n was ne're so furious,
As heau'n 'gainst thee (all vnpropitious)
Thy house a happy quiet did possesse,
While the chaste Virgin neuer would expresse
A thought of gadding, or scarce once bestowe
Her dainty foote (one only step to goe
Ouer the threshold) neither durst she make
A sally to the fields, fresh ayre to take.
So strict she was to thy commands, so bent
To her lou'd worke: at which (though tyr'd and spent)
All the delight and solace she desir'd
Was, from her *Syrens* songs and notes admir'd.
I was her bosome friend, she would impart
To me, the ioyes or sorrowes of her heart;
I was her bed-fellow, and to each sport
(As a companion should I still resort:)
Thus past we fairely on, till *Venus* came
Drawne hither (doubtfull) by what blast of fame;
And that she might the lesse suspected be,
Phœbe and *Pallas* are her companie:
With cunning smiles, and fain'd embraces soft
She often hugges thy daughter, and as oft
The name of sister iterates; complaines,
On her hard Mother: that so much restraines

Her, from wisht libertie; and thinkes it strange
That thou abroad so farre from home could'st range,
And leaue her in this solitarie place;
Farre from her fathers kingdome, that the face
Of heauen scarce she sees: and (that which most
Doth pittie moue, her conuersation lost
With kindred gods) the simple Mayd gaue eare
(Caught by this wily chat, and free from feare)
The goddesses she makes her welcome ghests,
Whom, with quaint cates and *Nectar* store she feasts:
The banquet done in sport and merriment
She wore *Diana's* robe, and her bowe bent
With tender finger drew; and sought to wield
Minerua's golden head-piece, and huge shield:
But *Venus*, straight, deceitfully gan prayse
Aetna's high top, and to the skies to rayse
The Vallies flow'rs, and something her admir'd,
Of which, she wittingly, witlesse enquir'd:
She could not thinke, or easily beleeue
The Rose, from all those frosts preseru'd, should liue:
Or that the colder Months should there retaine
The Summers grasse, all winter to remaine;
Nor, that the tender blossomes of the Spring
Are nip't, by ang'ry *Boreas* blustering:
(Thus praysing and thus doubting) with desire
To see the place, her breast was set on fire;
Thy tender Virgins fraile, vnwary yeeres
Made her consent to goe, t'encrease my feares.
What teares spent I, to hinder her (in vaine?)
How little did my intreaties (fruitlesse) gaine
From her? that (now resolu'd and confident)
In sisters guard (together with them went?)

And

And (a large traine of Nymphs t'attend them ſeene
Vnto the Medowes cloth'd in laſting greene)
With the firſt morning light, when as the field
Yet chill with dewe, heau'ns liquid iuice doth yeeld
To banke of Violets; they gather'd there
The moyſt'ned flow'rs, that, with perle drops appeare:
But when the Sunne grew to the mid-dayes height,
The Pole was ceaz'd on, by vnlook't-for night:
The trembling Iſland then began to reele
And nod (ſhak't by the noyſe of Chariot wheele,
Of horſes neighing) nor could it appeare
(Whether the Coach-man Deaths fore-runner were,
Or death her ſelfe:) the graſſe and riuers great
Were dri'd, the fields, ſtraight burnt with parching heat:
All things were blaſted; there, the Priuet white
We ſawe, the Roſe and Lilly alter'd quite
From natiue ſent and colour: eu'ry flow'r
The peſtilent contagion blaſteth o're;
And (as the hoarſe fell ſteerſ-man turn'd againe,
With horrid out-cries of each beaſt the raine)
Backe with the hell-blacke Chariot returnes night,
And to the World the day-reſtored light
Diſcouers our ſad loſſe and heauineſſe:
For now no *Proſerpine*, nor goddeſſes
Were ſeene; for ſhe deare ſoule was rapt away,
And they (that act performed) made no ſtay:
Poore *Cyane* vpon the Meddow ground
Strooke dead, with cold amazement next we found;
And (as ſhe lay) the garland from her browe.
We tooke, whoſe freſher flow'rs were wither'd now
With the hot ſteame: there each of vs enquires,
And of our Miſtris hap to know deſires

Of her (who neereſt was to the ſucceſſe)
Each of vs with vncertaine doubtfulneſſe
Demands the colour of the Steeds, and who
The Coach-man was; but ſhe (that melts in woe)
Nothing replyes, of nothing vs reſolues:
But (metamorphos'd) ſecretly diſſolues
Her ſelfe into a Fountaine; that ſoft haire
Vpon her head, her feet new turned are
Into a dew; thoſe armes diffuſed growe
In ſtreams, that (following our foot-ſteps) o're-flow.
The reſt fled, and our Mer-mayds with ſwift wing
Trudge to *Pelorus*, and (for griefe) to ſing,
Since, ceaſe: and now (in ſtead of melody)
Plagues they portend, and dire mortality;
And their ſoft voices now ſerue but t'entice
Th'vnheedy Mariner, that in a trice
(Anſw'ring their calls) finds his vnhappy end;
Of all thy ſeruants, I alone t'attend
Thy ſorrowes liue: *Ceres* in deepe ſuſpence,
(Foole that ſhe was) hop't that yet no offence
Was paſt, and ſtill to come; but by and by
That moode ſhe changeth, and (with fi'ry eye
Turn'd in her head, her breſt enrag'd) aboue
Vp to the gods ſhe flings (with plaints to moue)
As a fierce Tygreſſe, when her den's forlorne
Of tender young, (by fearefull horſe-man borne
To *Perſian* king, madding) out ſtrips the wind;
(Diſperſing all her rage, and fury blind
In ſhining ſpots:) at length ſhe ouertakes
The Hunter, and with yawning wide mouth makes
Him leaue his prey; but in a ſhape of glaſſe
He coozens the poore beaſt, and ſafe doth paſſe

On-

Onward his way: th'enraged Mother thus
Throughout all heauen stormes: restore to vs
Restore, sh'exclaimes; we are no wandring brood
Of some base Riuer, nor *Plebeian* blood
Of *Driades* flowes from vs; *Saturne* high
Begot me on the tow'ry *Cybele*:
Where is the priuiledge of gods then? where
You gods, of those drad lawes the sacred feare?
What bootes a vertuous life, or what? the faire
Title of good, if *Cytherea* dare,
If shamelesse she presume to shew that face
(Vnmask't by *Lemnian* nets, to her disgrace?)
That wholsome sleep, the couch, those twynings chaste
Of her and *Mars*, made her thus bold at last
With me and mine: since when (no marauile) though
Such deeds, and such base actions from her flowe:
But what? are you turn'd *Pandoresses*, your;
Dian and *Pallas*, that yet neuer knew
What lust meant? Is your mayden honour gone?
Are your vowes chang'd, that thus you waited on
Venus and her bolde Ruffian? (suffice:)
You both deseru'd the bloudy sacrifice
Of thirsty Scythian altar: let me know
The reason of your rage; what mou'd you so
'Gainst *Proserpine*? did she in word or thought
Offend you euer, had she euer sought
T'expell thee, *Delia*, from thy groues? or e're
Did she, *Tritonia*, thy strong armes beare.
Or was sh'offensiue in her speech? or rude,
(Her selfe into your dances to intrude?)
Oh no: *Trinacria* was her loued home,
She neuer stirr'd, neuer from thense would roame:

But what auail'd such priuacie? no day,
No time, could keepe your enuious eyes away:
Thus she the goddesses (that silent were,
Aw'd by great *Ioue*) blam'd with her speech seuere:
(Silent) they nought would know, and no reliefe
Could giue, but teares (sad Eccho's to her griefe)
VVhat should she doe? yet to another straine
She (falls) into intreaties mild againe.
Pardon (quoth shee) yee deities, if loue,
If my too strong affection, did moue
A wretch to those extremes, that were vnfit;
Pardon ye Powr's diuine and pittie it.
Looke, how I kneele; looke, how mine age doth bow
Lowe at your feete: (thus prostrate) let me know
(Only) the certainty of my sad state,
The manner of my woes vnfortunate:
(VVhat e're) let me but knowe it; I shall thinke,
That fate (not mischiefe) made my fortunes sinke:
Let me but see my daughter once: not? no?
Shall I, the search of mine owne bloud forgoe?
But, feare not (whosoe're thou art: thy prey
Safely enioy; I, to thy choyse giue way.
And if the Rauisher (you goddesses)
Haue brib'd you, for your silence? yet confesse,
At least (*Latona*) thou, thou that too well,
Lucina's name, and our great paines canst tell;
That double birth, the twinnes (which thou didst beare)
VVell testifie, how much the loue and feare
Of children costs vs; thou, still happy art
In two, whil'st I of one haue lost my part:
So maist thou euer (to thy wisht desire)
Enioy thy yellow sonne and daughter deere.

The

The goddesses (at these fresh plaint's) no pow'r
Had, to refraine; but with a second show'r
Of teares, they wash't their cheekes: poore remedie
(She sayth) your weeping silence giues to me:
Ay me! they all are fled; why stand'st thou here?
VVhy stay'st thou longer, and perceiu'st not cleere,
That heauen is arm'd against thee? rather haste,
Search eu'ry nooke of land, the Ocean vaste:
I will, and follow the diurnall Sonne
(Vnweari'd) with him in swift course to runne,
Through hidden wayes; not an houre of rest,
No sleepe shall seyze vpon his troubled brest,
Till my lost pledge I finde: (whether her graue
Be digg'd by *Theris* in *Iberian* waue;
Or in the Red-Sea (he intrenched be)
No place, no secret corner shall goe free:
Not frosty *Rhenus*, or *Riphean* cold,
Nor heate of *Lybian* sands, shall me with-hold
From strictest search; and (till I find her out)
The vtmost limits will I prye throughout,
Of *Southerne* winde, and (for a further proofe)
Will visit *Boreas* in his snowie roofe.
Then, will I tread on *Atlas* in the West;
Next, with my flaming torches in the East
Hidaspes shines; then looke vpon me, *Ioue*:
Looke, how this wandring vagabund shall roue,
Through Townes and Countries: doe thou look on me,
Thou *Iuno*; and in my destruction, see
And reape thy full content: then, then, no more
Grieue at this riuall (thy base husbands whore.)
Insult yee proud gods at my fortunes mocke,
Boast your great triumph on poore *Ceres* stocke.

Thus

Thus ſpoke ſhe, and from off the lofty top
Of her knowne *Aetna* downeward ſlid, to lop
The branches from thoſe trees that muſt giue light,
And guide her errant labours in the night:
Neere to the Riuer *Acis*, ſtood a Groue
(Whoſe little ſtreames, in memorie of loue)
Faire *Galatea* to the Sea prefers,
And oft there bathes the beautious limbes of hers:
The trees grew thick here; their intangled boughs
On eu'ry ſide ſhadow high *Aetna's* browes;
Thither brought *Iupiter* the captiu'd prey
Which, he (long ſince) had got in Gyant fray:
The wood grew proud of that *Phlegraean* broile,
And victorie, cloath'd eu'ry tree with ſpoile;
Here, the vaſt iawes, and each prodigious limbe
Of Gyants hung, their heads, their faces grimme.
(Yet threatning) to thoſe boughleſſe trunks are fixt
And faſtned: (mongſt which) the bones are mixt,
Of ſcatter'd Serpents, and their rugged skinnes
(Shrunk vp by thunder from their wither'd finnes:)
No tree, here grew, that not preſeru'd the fame,
And of ſome conquer'd Gyant bore a name.
This, of *Aegeons* hundred hands, the ſteele,
(Whoſe waight her crooked branches bent:) did ſeele
That *Caeus* Armes, this ſhield of *Mimas* wore,
A groaning fourth naked *Ophion* bore.
And laſt, a Firre tree (taller then the reſt,
For broad ſhade-ſpreading leaues, 'mongſt all, the beſt)
The ſmoakie Trophies of *Enceladus*
Their king, did load: the waight (ſo ponderous)
Had broke the body of that goodly tree
(Did not a ſtrong Oake prop with neere ſupplie:

So

So sacred was the feare and piety
To this most memorable groue, that free
From least offence, the heauenly Trophies hung;
Nor durst rude shepheards rustick pipe and song
Draw hither, their faint bleating flocks to shade;
Nor *Cyclop's* once with cruiell axe inuade
The lustie Oake: when *Polyphemus* spies
This place, he from the sacred shadow flyes.
But neither deity, nor reuerence
Of zeale, religion of the place; from thence
Long kept th'incensed *Ceres*, whose strong arme
VVith wheeling Sythe (to their lamented harme)
Cuts downe the trunklesse bodies: (in this mood)
Eu'n *Ioue* she wounds; the Pine tree falls, nor stood
The smoother Cedar, but doth prostrate fall,
Here, she destroies; there, leaues: and (last of all)
She lookes vpon her handy-worke, and viewes
The mangled bodies (which of them to chuse
Fit'st for her purpose:) so, the Marchants care
Prouides (for safety of his life and ware,
VVhich he transports, to some long voyage bent)
('Gainst angry stormes and tempests prouident.)
(First, the tall Cedar and hard Beech applyde
To the maine mast and rudder, the Barkes guide)
The softer wood to the light Oare he giues,
And strongest trees for moisture Keele contriues.
Two neighb'ring Cypresses, there, lift on high
Their tow'ring, vntouch't heads (that kisse the skie)
Such two on *Ida's* toppe, fleete *Simois*
Did neuer see; *Orontes*, such (as these)
Did neuer sprinkle with swift streames (that flow
Vnto *Apollo's* Groue, where none such grow)

So equall in their height, and boughs esteem'd,
So eu'n they grew, that brother-twins they seem'd;
(Despising with their fellow-tops, the groue:)
These, *Ceres* chose for torches; and would proue
Her stubborn strength vpon them both; when (first)
Her armes she tuck't, then folded vp her skirt:
Next, with sharpe axe, she hewes alternately
The two, (that on the ground straight groueling ly
Alike, they suffer'd in their fall) alike,
Their locks they shed, the Fawns & wet Nymphs shricke
(For griefe) to view their ruine (as they lay)
Shee lifts them vp, and beares with her away:
(The loose haire turn'd ouer her shoulder) she
Descends from panting Mountaines suddainely, (teare
Through flames she goes, through craggy rockes doth
A passage; the parch't sands (that skorne to beare
Her steppes) she kickes.
So, curs'd *Megara* hastens the wisht light
Of fatall Yew trees, when some horrid slight
She practiseth 'gainst *Cadmus*, *Theban* walls;
Or, when her malice and pale veng'ance falls
On poore *Thyestian* towne; darkness and Fiends
Make her a lane to passe (as she descends
To *Phlegeton*) in whose hot waues she dipp't
The deadly lights, that with his flames were typ't:
So, when the goddesse was arriu'd at last;
At the Rockes scorching mouth, she from her cast
The Cypresses, into those iawes (her face
Turn'd from the smoake) now eu'ry hollow place
Was fill'd, and the contracted fire (with-drawne)
Kept in the flames, and stopt their waning yawne:

The

The Mountaine rumbles, *Mulciber* 'gan striue
(Halfe choak't) th'imprison'd vapours to relieue.
When, loe; the berry-bearing Cypresse leaues
Did shine, and sulphure mixt (that to them cleaues)
Made the boughs crackle, and high *Aetna* raise
His old flames higher by this new-come blaze.
Then tooke she vp the fire-brands (whose dimme light
Lest it should faile her in the tedious flight)
She 'nointed with the iuice that *Phaeton*
His Steeds; and liquor that the Moone, vpon
Her Heifers, sprinkles. Now soft rest doth creepe
On mortall browes, their eye-lids folds in sleepe:
Whil'st she (with griefe-torne heart vpon her way
And progresse) something thus t'her selfe would say:
Full little did I thinke (while thou wert mine)
To looke thee with these lights (my *Proserpine*)
Lou'd Mothers wishes, feruent strong desire
Of marri'ge bed, and holy Nuptiall fire
Were my delights: and oh! how I did long,
In heau'n to heare the *Saffron Hymens* song.
But *Lachesis* (that makes no difference
'Twixt men and gods) would not with me dispence:
How honour'd was I lately, how ador'd
By Suters great, that me for thee implor'd?
What Mother (though she ne're so fruitfull were)
But thought me happier then her selfe (to beare
Eu'n thee alone) my first, my latest ioy:
By thee my barrennesse did fruit enioy:
By thee was I a goddesse (deifi'd)
(Whil'st thou my glory wer't, thy Mothers pride:)
I neuer vnto *Iuno* 'inferior was
(Whil'st thou had'st being squallid now and base)

Gramercie, *Ioue*: but why giue I a part
To him? (my selfe the causer of my smart)
'Twas I, 'twas cruell I, now I disclose
My carelessnesse, that thee, to busie foes
Forsaken, left: whilst I (securely glad)
Frisk't to the noyse of *Bacchus* daunces (madde)
And with the sound of ratling armes (vnkind)
(Whilst thou wert rapt) the *Phrigian* Lion ioin'd
To the swift Chariot; but behold (my sweet)
The punishment for these deseruings meet.
Looke on the gaping wounds vpon my face,
The red-rutt'd furrowes, that my brest deface;
My wombe (vnmindfull) what it thee had borne,
Looke, how by frequent strokes 'tis rent and torne:
Where shall I seeke thee, in which heauen aboue?
Vnder what Clymate here, on earth do'st moue?
What guide, what tracke shall leade me? (might I know
But in what kind of Chariot thou didst goe,
Where the damn'd thiefe doth liue, in earth or seas?)
The print of the swift wheeles my sight would please.
I goe, I goe, where my faint plants shall guide,
Whether blind chance: sorrow, like this beside
Diona (all forsaken) may she looke
For her lost *Venus*.
Shall it be lawfull, will some Destinie
Giue way (my child) that once more I may see,
Once more embrace thee? doth that beauty reigne,
Vpon thy cheekes, and freshnesse still remaine?
Or shall I hap (vnhappy) to behold
Thee such, as night and dreams haue oft foretold?
Thus sayd she; and the first step she aduanc't
From *Aetna*, on the flow'rs to light, she chanc't:

Those

Those flowr's, that to her griefe, her daughters fate
Were conscious: she detests with cursing hate
Those, and the place (made priuie to the rape:) (shape,
Then (through confus'd pathes) she her course doth
Pryes through the fields with blazing light, and lowe
Sh'inclines the brands (all comfortlesse) in woe,
With teares she bathes her cheekes: teares, that abound;
(Producing sighes and groanes, that with their sound
Ring in th'ayre and woods) the flaming light
Now spreds on farre, whose shadow in calme night
Swimmes on the Seas; the blaze of it doth flie
To Lybian coast, and bankes of Italy;
Th'*Etruscan* shore was bright and cleerly seene,
And (from th'inflamed Seas) the *Sirtes* shine.
Next vnto *Scilla's* dennes she goes, the light
Vnusuall, those mad dogges did affright:
VVhl'st (some astonisht) silent were (the rest
More hardy) bark't at their vnwelcome guest.

Finis Libri Tertij.

FINIS.